UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

If I Were Mayor

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

Across China's Backyard—Ups and Downs of Travel

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV. Chapter IX

By M. K. GANDHI

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John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
Curtis W. Reese — Louis L. Mann

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C | MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1927 | NUMBER 11

Both Man and God Together

Man is not wholly slave nor wholly free,
But man cooperates with Fate and God.
He reaps the harvest of his destiny,
And yet he moulds a Being from the clod.

Man is no puppet in an idiot's hand,
The mechanistic plaything of a child.
The tortured victim of a scheme unplanned,
Too soon to each injustice reconciled,
Who shrugs and murmurs: "Fate ordained it so;
It does not matter; God has willed the blow."

Nor is man master of the universe,
Whose sword or scalpel pries its jaws apart;
Whose tiny tricks can nature's laws coerce,
Or frame anew a single lifetime's chart;
Whose pleas can halt the creepings of decay,
Prohibit death to feed upon his clay.

But man and God are comrades in their task,
And in the enterprise each shares alike;
Man peers with eager query round the mask,
And looks on God, e'en though the lightning strike.
His spirit soars into the realm of song,
Of numbers, poetry and worlds unseen,
Of justice for the weak against the strong,
Of beauty for the ugly and unclean.
Along the far horizons of the soul,
Man ranges wide; his heart is ne'er at rest;
For in the spirit's struggle towards its goal,
Both man and God together make their quest.

RABBI LOUIS I. NEWMAN.
Temple Emanu-El, San Francisco.

Floods in the Mississippi valley—floods in India—floods in New England! No one knows, we imagine, which one of these disasters is the worst. In sheer extent of area and amount of destruction, the Mississippi calamity was certainly worse than that in Vermont and New Hampshire, but the Connecticut River poured its surplus waters into a larger number of prosperous and important cities, and moved with a suddenness which was as appalling as it was unprecedented. Reports from India, even those personally received, bring no such abundance of detail as those which have filled our newspapers in descriptions of our own disasters. But the rainfall in India seems to have been of unparalleled violence and volume, and the devastation wrought over an enormous territory wellnigh complete. It is interesting to think what would have been said of these floods in the old days. Thousands of pulpits would have almost joyfully proclaimed them as manifestations of God's wrath, and evidences of his approaching judgment upon mankind. That such pulpits still exist, we can well believe. But the really significant thing is the prevailing type of mind revealed in our time by fearful occurrences of this kind. Excitement betrays few persons into superstition. The great majority of men and women have learned to accept a flood, like an earthquake or a tornado, as a purely natural phenomenon, to be regretted, deplored, but fundamentally to be understood. It has its causes; therefore, like all phenomena of fatal character, it has, or may have, its means of prevention. Instead of rushing to prayer and fasting, as they did in the old days, people now rush to works of rescue and relief, then to works of reconstruction, and finally to works of prevention. Floods, while as destructive as other cataclysmic horrors, would seem to be not beyond control and correction. With earthquakes, apparently, there is nothing we can do. With tornadoes, like that which swept St. Louis some weeks ago, we would seem to be equally helpless. But floods are different! Reforestation, deep and wide river-beds, storage reservoirs, dikes, etc., are all remedies which, if wrought into one vast system of engineering, might well prevent the whirling of wild waters everywhere. The only question would seem to be—have we the money, the determination and the wisdom to forestall the possible disasters of the future?

There is something so disgusting about the Fall-Sinclair affair as it unwinds its slimy coils from day to day, that we find it difficult to lay hold on words to describe our feelings. Nothing seems safe from this poisonous serpent of corruption, of which Sinclair is the loathsome head and Fall the silly tail. It crept into the government departments in the Harding days and, from the White House down, spread everywhere its foul contagion. Now, exposed and brought to bay, it crawls into the courts, and corrupts the sacred system of trial by jury. Seeing what was done in the case now under trial in Washington, who can find it difficult to surmise what was done in the Doheny-Fall trial which came to its unjust end some months ago? These men propose to use the government in their own interest, no matter what the cost. Desiring oil con-

cessions, the gang laid their plot, and went through it with blackmail, bribery, theft, and murder. Now that they are caught and prosecuted, they attempt to steal the court, and a juryman is found talking about what a fine fellow Sinclair is, and how he expects to have "a car as long as a city block" when the trial is done. It's a horrible mess—reeking with new and abundant evidence to substantiate the now popular theory that democracy is, as it is bound to be, a failure. We do not accept this theory for a moment. We still believe, as a matter of faith if not of demonstration, that democracy is destined to justify itself in the long run. The shadow of Lincoln looms larger in our gaze than all the rotting flesh and bone of Fall, Doheny, Sinclair, and the rest. But there are times when we feel weary, or disgusted, or both. And those are the times when we see the advantages of the way they do things in Russia in matters of this kind. A peremptory trial for treason, exile to Siberia, or a shot at sunrise in the prison-yard, are a wee bit different from what happens here. It is because such horrors come to mind when we contemplate the goings-on in Washington, that we know that a Fall-Sinclair crowd is the most serious menace to democracy that exists within the borders of this land.

Speaking of Sinclair and the Washington mistrial starts us thinking all over again about the jury system as it is worked here in the United States. We have already commented in these columns on the jury system more than once, but in the light of this latest delectable episode, it may not be amiss to comment again. Look at what we do—at what was done in the Fall-Sinclair case! Here was a question which had been before the nation, filling the front pages of the newspapers, off and on for four years. It had been the occasion of one of the most sensational Senatorial investigations in the history of the republic. It had been debated days, weeks and months in the Senate and elsewhere. It had been in the courts in various parts of the country; and then at last had appeared once in a federal criminal court in Washington, and twice on appeal in the United States Supreme Court. The judgments of the Supreme Court, first in the Doheny case and secondly in the Sinclair case, had caused universal comment, so terrific was the condemnation of the guilty parties. Yet, when the Fall-Sinclair case was opened for criminal trials, twelve jurors had to be found in Washington (of all cities!) who knew nothing about the case, and, knowing nothing, had no opinions. In other words, it was necessary to find twelve good men and true who were morons or half-wits, or, if they had intelligence, were plain, out-and-out liars. What wonder that the jury, when at last empanelled for the hearing and deciding of one of the most intricate cases imaginable, was found to contain a group of men and women who looked as though they had been gathered from the nearest home for the feeble-minded, and at least one individual who was an ideal combination of crook and fool! Our jury system is breaking down, through the operation of just such idiocies as this accepted method of selecting jurors. In England they know better, and do better. There jurors are chosen promptly on the basis of intellect and character, with the result of the nearest approximation to swift and sure justice that the world has ever seen. Unless we take example of our English cousins, and thus correct our ways, we might as well give up the cause of justice first as last.

Nothing could seem to be much worse than the Mayor Thompson fracas in Chicago. Of all the 100 per cent foolishness that we ever saw, this is the most completely 100 per cent. Yet it has its good side, so far at least as consequences are concerned! For what is this 100 per cent fool in the mayoralty chair really doing? He is taking the doctrine of 100 per cent Americanism seriously, carrying it through ruthlessly to its logical conclusions, and thus demonstrating to the great and only American people what the silly thing really means. In such an asinine performance as this which "Big Bill," the big clown, is pulling off, we see what has all along been involved in this patriotic business of being a 100 per cent American. Most of our patrioteers have a little balance-wheel hidden away somewhere—a sense of humor, or an instinct of decency, a few grains of commonsense, occasionally a little knowledge—which prevents them from flying altogether off the handle. The Legionnaires, the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the Ku Klux Klanners, and the rest, do unwise things, impudent things, stupid things, even brutal things, but they almost invariably stop short of going just plumb crazy. So that 100 per cent Americanism manages to remain respectable and serious! We may rage against it, but we can seldom laugh at it. But now dear old "Bill," as fat and silly as the trained pig in the circus, comes ambling and grunting and squealing into the ring, and the audience howls with glee. Here is patriotitis in its true estate, just as it is, naked in its grotesque deformities. And the truth is out! "Bill" Thompson, clown that he is, deserves well of the nation. He has ended the patriotic, 100 per cent mania which has been afflicting the nation ever since the close of the Great War. Never again can the Legion "pull its stuff," and expect to be taken seriously. Never again can the Sons and Daughters call the tune, and expect anybody to dance. We may be entirely mistaken in our forecasting, but it is our sober opinion, all the same, that after this Barnum and Bailey performance in Chicago, the country is going to settle down to a period of comparative sanity and good nature.

The rows in the Army and Navy leave the liberal-minded citizen woozey. He begins by applauding one side; then he shifts to the other side, at least wondering if there is not something in it. He winds up with a profound suspicion of the whole business. The upshot of the commotion seems to be the demand that Congress appropriate a lot more money to put the Army and Navy in clover. The admirals and generals are careful to get both the Republicans and Democrats going. There is a group in each party which is running a race with the other. Each will win the coming presidential election by outdoing the other in beating the military tom-toms. Congress must be thoroughly aroused to the business of voting away the people's money. If General Summerall cannot get the money for cannon and bombs, he proposes to play up the scandal of poor housing for the soldiers for all it is worth. If he can induce the Government to build a lot of fine new barracks and officers' quarters, of course there must be a lot of fine officers and men to occupy them. Admiral Magruder wants a whole lot of things which Secretary Wilbur has not thought of or else did not have the boldness to ask for. When Congress meets, both the Army and Navy will be on the political map. The administration is timid in asking from Congress. The President has been too much inclined to soft-pedal the military calliope. He has even made a few appreciative remarks about the surging movement for the outlawry of war, which can only issue in the abolition of these military departments of government, enormously expensive for the people and equally lucrative for the military establishment. The sturdy young Americans who are compelled to bunk in the present disgraceful army quarters should not bear the brunt of all this muddling, but every dollar gotten for building up the military departments of government at any point will come harder and harder. Let not the military gentlemen mistake.

Has not the universal two-minute pause been used until it is frazzled? Perhaps it was once impressive. It would now seem farcical, to say the mildest for it. It is certainly not universal. It is indeed so slightly observed that it cannot properly be called a pause. It is not even a dignified gesture, however well it may sound in the official proclamations that at such and such an hour everybody will pause for two minutes in alleged respect to somebody or something. The official call goes out every now and then for an observance on Armistice Day or some other "day." It would be instructive to know from every reader just what happens in his own experience on such an occasion. This is what happened in one of the New York subway stations a year ago. The company had announced that all trains would be stopped and the power turned off for the prescribed two minutes. In the station observed, the lights flashed out in the change-man's booth. He promptly snapped on his emergency light, and went on dealing out nickels to those who applied. The mechanism controlling the coin entrance-slot machines went out of commission. A bewildered man occupied at least two minutes in a frantic effort to tear to pieces the one which interfered with his progress. A woman jerked at hers, commanding her small son to crawl under the turnstile by way of salvaging the value of his nickel dropped into the slot at the fatal moment. She then appealed to the booth-man to come to her relief. He came, muttering about the failure of the power. He yanked the turnstile and fumbled with the machinery. By that time the power came on again. Both he and the woman doubtless believe that his skill saved the situation. Probably not one in a thousand among the multitudes of subway passengers was conscious that eleven o'clock had come, or that anything had happened except that the passengers on stalled trains were again victimized by inefficiency in subway operation. Can a complex mechanism like modern American civilization be made to stand still for two minutes in the middle of the day? Would not a few extra tons of annoyance to millions of people, absorbed with thoughts remote from the occasion, be the net result even if the attempt might be successful? It does not advance any worthy purpose or sentiment to be identified with so farcical a gesture. Arbitrary, superimposed regimentation is a poor device for cultivating patriotism, or for doing anything else worth while.

If I Were Mayor

The town where I happen to live has recently undergone a marvelous transformation. The Chamber of Commerce has been engaged in a pretentious and far flung campaign to bring the merits of this community to the attention of large numbers of people. The pictures of houses, public buildings, factories and all the rest have intrigued the multitude. The result bears eloquent testimony to the magic power of modern publicity.

Everywhere one sees houses and public buildings, stores, apartments, and all that sort of thing springing up in every direction. This means that people are going to live here in increasing numbers. Children will be born here and here receive those first impressions which

may make or mar their lives forever. If I were mayor and had a chance to address these new citizens, I think I should speak to them somewhat as follows:

"Fellow citizens, I welcome you. The fact that some of us happened to get here ahead of you is of little consequence, except that we have a pride in this community which you who have just come cannot yet be expected to have. I should like to remind you in the first place that a community is something more than a mere aggregation of houses and shops and factories and apartments. A home, if that is what you have come here to establish, is something more than a physical fact. In order to have a home which is worth anything at all, which will bring you any happiness, you must know yourself and the members of your family as a part of a human group, that is, as a part of this community.

"A person who says, 'I'm going to Swanktown to live. I've taken an apartment on Park avenue, but I don't know anybody, and since I don't suppose we shall live there very long, I shall not make any effort to get acquainted,'—a person who chatters along in that fashion will not stay in this community very long, he will make no contribution to the happiness of others while he is here, and the sooner he gets out the better. So I say in the first place that if you came out here purely for the purpose of living in a good looking house, and if that is your idea of a home, it can only be a kindness to you to have me remind you that that's not the sort of thing which makes a community.

"Then I ought to say to you, my new fellow citizens, that this community has been here a long time before you arrived, a long time before any of us now living were born. That being the case, it has developed certain traditions and a certain character as a community. There are a good many of us who have lived here for some time who have a good deal of pride in it, who think it has been a good place to live in and who love it. Now of course your coming makes a considerable change. It may be that you look at things differently than we; we haven't always been able to see things eye to eye among ourselves. Now we don't insist upon your learning to speak our language, or adopting our customs and ideas. We are willing to change because we realize that that is the law of life.

"But the thing which we rather think we are justified in insisting upon is that you shall come in and make yourselves a part of these various associations which make up this community. Come with us into the conduct and responsibilities of our schools, our business institutions, our civic and philanthropic enterprises, yes, if you please come in to our churches, and let us see how we can handle this change which has taken place together.

"It may be possible to make a finer and better community than existed even in the past, in spite of the fact that some of us think that that will be difficult to do. But we can try, and to the extent that we are able to do this with Jew and Christian, black and white, we shall have accomplished so much towards the realization of that larger thing which men have dreamed about as the great community. My new fellow citizens, I welcome you."

I am not at all certain that my fellow citizens would understand what I was talking about; there might be a certain measure of obscurity, but they would hardly confuse my voice with that of Mayor Thompson of Chicago.

I half suspect that one of the reasons why we have so much difficulty in understanding each other's language is that we doubt the value of making the effort. The members of the American Legion recently returned from Paris have reported that their ability to speak French seems to have deteriorated during the past ten years. They can't imagine why it should be any more difficult to make themselves understood now than it was then. Very likely their French isn't really any worse than it was a decade ago. The difference lies in the fact that during the period of crisis the French people thought it worth while to make an effort to understand what they were trying to say, whereas now no such incentive obtains.

All of which leads to a penetrating issue recently raised by Professor Dewey, who makes bold to suggest that the language of democracy which became current coin a century or so ago has ceased its vital usefulness and is at the present an occasion for confusion instead of harmony. The fathers of the republic spoke about liberty, equality, fraternity—the watchwords and catchwords of democracy. And while it never worked perfectly in their day, still they understood, the leaders at any rate, understood what they were talking about and this language, these signs, and symbols of thought and emotion were in harmony with the life which they were living.

Now as over against these forms of simple association here are these masses of people today controlled, governed, and driven by these great forces of a machine age, without language or speech or sets of ideas which will interpret the meaning of it all. Professor Dewey thinks we are using the words of democracy and attempting to apply them to conditions which do not connect with the tradition out of which these ideas and this language originally sprung.

The framers of the democratic language had no idea of the conditions which are so familiar to our children today. We take our children to visit the scenes of the early republic, and that's commendable enough.

They can understand the physical evolution from the stage coach into the automobile; but we have no ideas which we can teach them which will correspond to the automobile age. So far as our ideas of social, political and religious organization is concerned the only language we have to teach them is that of the stage coach day. This is one of the reasons, perhaps the principal one, why there is so great confusion, so much Babel in the world today. Symbols control sentiment and thought and the new age has no symbols consonant with its activities. The ties which hold men together are invisible and intangible. "We have the physical tools of communication, as never before; but the thoughts and aspirations which are congruous with them are not communicated and therefore are not common."

Now the creation of a speech and language which all could understand might lead to something of the sort of thing which we have in mind when we speak of the Great Community. One's first reaction is that this is what all the Utopians from Plato to H. G. Wells have talked about with the result for the most part in making confusion worse confounded. Still men hold it to be the heart of religious, if not of social and political aspiration even today; and in so far as their hopes are genuine and their unofficial religion honest we must infer that this idea of the Great Community still has a great hold on the imaginations and hopes of men.

We shall hasten the coming of this Great Community when we set about to make wide and harmonious contacts for the individual. After all, what do we mean by human nature, what is it to be human? We sometimes say of a person that he is hardly human, or the most inhuman person we ever saw. Does that mean that he is vicious, or cruel, or lacking in intelligence, or over-endowed with it as the case may be?

If we stop to think of it, the thing which leads us to speak of him as inhuman is that we can't seem to make the ordinary contacts which we make with other people. John Dewey says, "to learn to be human is to develop through the give and take of communication an effective sense of being an individually distinctive member of a community; one who understands and appreciates its beliefs, desires and methods, and who contributes to a further conversion of organic powers into human resources and values."

If I were mayor—which happily for me and for the city where I live will never happen—I should advise my fellow mayors to read John Dewey on "The Public and Its Problems."

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

"It may be that I am wrong."—H. L. Mencken, in the *American Mercury* (November), p. 287.

Believe it or not, this statement actually appears in the magazine and on the page indicated. Another blow at the doctrine of infallible inspiration!

We hail the great delegation of 700, representing the Protestant churches of America, which recently visited President Coolidge on behalf of the Outlawry of War and the Briand Treaty. This is a challenge to the administration by the spiritual conscience of the people. There can be only one answer—an acceptance of Outlawry and all that it implies for peace.

The Chinese always do things differently! In this country, we suppress, or try to suppress, all advocacy of social and political change. In China, the Nationalists have agreed "to suppress all preaching aimed *against* change." We think suppression of any kind is bad, but if we have to have either, give us the Cantonese variety.

The American Federation of Musicians has declared that jazz-players are not artists, but laborers. Any one who has heard a jazz-band or seen a trap-player knows that this declaration is sound. Paul Whiteman and his band have about as much right to be called musicians as billposters have to be called painters, or stonecutters to be called sculptors.

"Spender Sees Press a Power for Peace," reads a newspaper headline. This sounds like pre-war stuff! In the glad days before 1914, we all saw the church, the press, labor, Socialism "a power for peace." Then —but why rehearse the dismal tale? Mr. Spender ought to be the first to know that the newspaper is unexcelled in the business of fomenting war between the nations.

The purchasability of the Roman Catholic Church is one of its least lovely features. Take the matter of marriage and divorce, for example! The Church forbids divorce and remarriage after divorce, yet is always willing to grant dispensations for a sufficient consideration. A poor girl on Bleecker street may cry her eyes out in vain, but Millicent Rogers and her millions get immediate and favorable attention.

J. H. H.

Across China's Backyard

Ups and Downs of Travel

On August 18, instead of proceeding ahead as I had expected, I learned that the party was to divide into two groups, the main part pushing ahead to Ningsia, our last large town from which the jump is made over the desert to Urga, and a small group remaining with the auto trucks to await the gasoline and provisions which were shipped by boat and horse from the end of the railroad.

Four cars were to go ahead, Borodin's Buick, our Dodge sedan, the Green Dodge and one truck, the largest, of the General Motors. If we could purchase gasoline in Ningsia we were to push on without waiting, but if not we were to wait in Ningsia and repair our cars.

I have given you no idea of the way our cars are loaded. Our Dodge sedan, for instance, begins at the rear with two large suitcases (rather small steamer trunks, 32 by 19 by 10 inches in size), packed on the back. Alongside them is a large provision basket and a box containing four bottles. Above them come the five beds of the party, each complete with camp bed, blankets, mosquito bar and Chinese mat. On top of these is placed a big dunnage bag belonging to the Orloffs and taking up as much space as all five beds. This brings the rear luggage almost to the top of the car.

On one running board is a box of gasoline, another box of canned foods, and my suitcase; the other running board contains a similar amount, less the box of food, but supplemented by a spare tire. Only one door of the sedan opens, a back door. The people of the front seat must climb out of the window.

Inside the car we have five or six hats pinned to the top. Our real job of packing, however, is in front of the back seat. Here is placed one fair sized suitcase, three small suitcases, three small valises, a big canvas water bucket containing four thermos bottles, a tin of coffee, a tin of milk and any lunches for the day, and a square box of plates, knives and forks. Four large enamel cups are neatly suspended over the tops of the thermos bottles. An umbrella, a souvenir sword and a hunting rifle are stacked in the space between the slope of the front seat and the upright lines of the suitcases. Across all of these are four rain coats folded. In the front section of the car the floor is hidden by tools, two tea kettles, and occasionally a roll of bedding belonging to Percy's bodyguard. On the projecting screws which support the windshield are hung two revolvers. The tools cannot be put under the front seat as that space is packed tight with cans of fruit and other provisions.

Such is our usual travelling arrangement. On top of this we put five and sometimes six people. When we have just bought two dozen peaches and hunt for a place to put them, where the jolting of mudholes will not cause them to smash on important belongings, it is difficult to discover any corner for them. . . . I forgot to mention the two-door pockets, in which are crammed several cameras and flashlights. Such cameras as cannot find space there are hung from door handles or stuck on the floor between our feet. It is safe to say we have discovered every inch of the car and used it.

The various discussions and rearrangements of baggage took so much of the day that it was decided to wait till the next morning before starting. Meantime we explored the neighborhood. I went out in the morning to observe a fine Buddhist monastery near by and encountered on the road some of Feng's soldiers, marching towards Sian-Fue to join the general attack on Chang Tso Lin. They were indulging in physical culture as they went. At a given point in front of the monastery, the front line of four men would start running a race to see which could first reach a point about one hundred yards away. As soon as they had fairly started the next four broke into a similar run. Thus without interrupting their march they were exercising new muscles.

Either on this day or the preceding one we saw also some of Feng's artillerymen busily engaged in digging a heavily laden cart out of mud holes.

On August 19 at 9 in the morning we at last left the beautiful but chilly lotus pond and temple and resumed the trail towards Mongolia. To pass through the town of Pingliang was no easy thing in itself, as the approach to its gates is very steep. Not only did we all get out and push, but for the truck and the Buick we had to secure the help of neighboring peddlers and coolies. None of the city entrances in China are made with a view to motor traffic. Not only does the road rise with great sharpness towards the gates, but often the gate itself is narrow, with ruts worn in the stone threshold by the passing of millions of carts through many generations, and with a high stone between the ruts which is doubtless convenient to fasten the gates at night, but which threatens to smash the bottoms of unprotected automobiles.

In Pingliang a sign indicated that a Peasants' Union of Pingliang still exists; elsewhere in Feng's territory they have all been ordered to cease activities while awaiting "proper leadership" supplied by Feng. The reason for this is alleged to be communist tendencies, but the real reason is that as soon as these peasant organizations get going, the first thing they want is "less military." They are not anti-foreign or anti-imperialist at all in this part of China; a foreigner is to them a cheerful circus rather than an imperialist danger. They are not even anti-landlord, as landlords are small and rents not so high as in Southern China. But they are all emphatically anti-soldier. Even Marshal Feng, who claims and doubtless aims to be the peasants' protector, finds it inconvenient to let them organize and make their own demands.

In leaving Pingliang city gates we saw our only intimation of any "revolutionary propaganda" in the shape of paintings on the inner wall of the gates de-

nouncing the binding of women's feet. One such poster showed a strong athletic lady with unbound feet who was easily overpowering in hand-to-hand combat, two females on tottering "golden lilies"—the implication being that strength in combat was to be desired in the household. The other poster showed less spectacularly an educated teacher removing the bonds from a converted Chinese woman.

Except for these posters, the revolution seems to have left Kansu untouched. All day we passed up a gradually rising valley with beautiful scenery of water and high hills—almost the first clear drinkable water we had seen in China. The people seemed utterly aloof from the great strife taking place behind us. Over the ledges of rocky hills, Tartar youngsters peered at us, and ran away in terror, and then, returning, ventured down to hang around our autos. The women rode donkeys; the men horses. Both of these animals are practically never seen in the parts of Central China where I have been, but here they are plentiful.

It was a land of fresh, clear streams, grazing flocks and herds, white sheep, black goats, cows, donkeys, mules. The annoying holes disappeared from the center of the road, which became quite good, except for the occasional steep creek beds which must be crossed without bridges. Saddle bags of scarlet cloth or of blue woven carpet added color to the landscape. Once we passed a drove of more than a hundred horses coming down with four or five drivers to be added to the cavalry of Feng. Occasionally also we met groups of soldiers drafted out to join Feng in Honan.

As we went up the valley the mountainous nature of the scenery increased till it resembled Colorado or the inner valleys of California. Wild thistles, bluebells and other usual mountain flowers made it difficult to remember that this was China until a drove of camels grazing near the water courses, or the brick and mud houses of a Tartar or Chinese village reminded us. Towards sunset the views grew especially gorgeous, as the valleys betweeen the hills were cut into a many colored patchwork of various plantings, and the buckwheat, of which there is much in this region, was in pink flower. Great fields of waving pink alternating with blue green, yellow green, swept from our feet for miles towards the mountains and the sunset. Certainly Kansu is utterly different from any other part of China I have seeen. It is the Great Northwest of China, and deserves the name.

In the villages Percy Chen tried his stock joke with the little toy dog that sits on our radiator as a cap. Staring closely at it until he has an entire crowd staring, he then lets off the horn which sounds like a barking dog. Everyone jumps back, and then has a good laugh. A variation of this joke began when Borodin touched the tail of the dog and Percy proceeded to make it bark. The wise village children began to remark that the dog barked when touched, a thesis which we let them prove to their hearts' content.

Again we failed to reach our destination, Kuyuan, where food and lodging awaited us. We had started too late and our truck had had to be unloaded en route, transferring some hundreds of pounds of foodstuffs and gasoline to the running boards of the passenger autos. When darkness fell, the truck proved to be without lights and Percy loaned them his large flashlight. Proceeding in this way for an hour we stopped at eight o'clock in a small Tartar village when we camped in the usual stable courtyard, a place much less attractive than any of the creek sides we had passed, but apparently preferable for its nearness to hot water and grub. The night was the coldest yet. Next morning we left for an hour's run to Kuyuan, where General Sung Tse Yuan awaited us. And where we heard there was a group of Chinese students returning from two years' study in the Sun Yat Sen University of Moscow.

General Sung Tse Yuan is one of Feng's allies, being the commander of the northern line of march, which means that if an attack is ever to be made on Peking from the northwest, he is to lead it.

If I had not already become converted to the Chinese style of bed—a wide raised platform at one end of the room where there is always room for one more—the bedroom of General Sung would have converted me. Wide as was his "Kang," it was almost entirely covered by a wonderful blanket of camel's hair, thick and soft enough to make even the hard floor of the bed seem luxurious. Near by hung the general's plain gray overcoat, without insignia, but lined with fox fur. The other half of the room was occupied by a businesslike table for work and several camp stools. A romantic touch was added by a pile of small solid wooden boxes near the head of the bed—boxes of silver dollars, with $2,000 in each box. There must have been a dozen of them. The only acceptable coinage in this part of China is silver, and it is heavy to transport.

After a delightful lunch and a long nap (both very acceptable after the casual accommodations of Tartar villages), I went to call on the Chinese students who were returning from Russia. There were about eight of them, left behind by a larger group of some thirty or forty who had already preceded them. Over half of this remaining group were girls. I asked what they had studied in Russia and was told they had been given eight courses: political economy, geography of the world, history of western revolutions, Leninism and the revolutionary history of Russia, the materialistic conception of history, Chinese problems, and Russian language in two sections. Under Chinese problems they had studied Chinese history with special reference to the time since foreign penetration. Radek himself had given this course.

I asked whether they thought their Russian studies would be of much help to them in the Chinese revolution and they answered that the Chinese revolution was of course quite different from the Russian, being not of one class only, but of nearly all classes against foreign oppression and for the sake of a united country. So in many ways the Russian example was not to be followed. Still, the Russians had conducted a successful revolution and were now organizing a united country also with much success, and there was very much about the technique of revolutionary struggle that could be learned by studying both the successes and failures of the Russian revolution. It was a careful and rather non-committal answer.

But indeed these students are bound to be non-committal. They are in a most awkward position. Two years ago they were sent by a Kuomintang government, which was a warm friend of communism, to study revolution in Russia in order that they might come back to work in good posts under Kuomintang. Now all returning students who travel via Shanghai are promptly arrested by Chiang Kai Shek, and these students, going through Feng's territory to Hankow, know that the

very committee which sent them has turned violently against the communists and all near-communists. Hence they are very uncertain just what jobs they come back to.

We stayed in Kuyuan all day, as we were told there was no good accommodation next day short of the Yellow River, and we could only make that by starting very early. We wandered about Kuyuan and found it very picturesque, containing the remains of three cities which have been successively destroyed by war and earthquakes. Its walls are large and frequent. But the houses themselves, except for a few remains of ancient carvings, are poor, for the entire town was destroyed only a few years ago by the last earthquake.

In the evening I had an interview with General Sung and asked him many questions about Kansu and his road-making policy. He told me that the road on which we were traveling was built 80 years ago, but has been improved this past year by his soldiers acting in conjunction with the local peasants. The soldiers repair the road near their camps and expect the peasants to repair it near their villages. To my question whether the peasants object much to the motor road, as they do in most parts of China, on the ground that it takes land from them without compensation for a road which their carts are not allowed to use—the general answered that here there was little objection as there was much waste land for the road, and the peasants were allowed to use it. . . . Strange to say, no one claims that peasants love good roads; the most that is claimed is absence of objections.

The chief source of Kansu wealth, he told me, was wheat, supplemented by corn, potatoes and livestock in the region west of our route. The exports are chiefly hides and furs. There were a few Peasant Unions and Women's Unions just starting under the Kuomintang but the work is in its infancy. He claimed that there had been no sudden spurt of radical activity, which had been curbed later, as in Hunan and Shensi; but merely a slow growth among the backward population. There is no industry in Kansu, and while there are many mines, there is no development. Coal is plentiful but is mined only by the individual families wishing it, who dig it from the surface.

He considered Kansu a moderately rich province, not rich like the Yangtze provinces but not as poor as some. If there were good communications it might become rich, as it has many raw materials. There are no great landholders, he said, but many who have one hundred acres or more and who either hire laborers or sublet to three or four tenants. I asked about the cliff-dwellers we had frequently seen, whether they lived as one family in communal style. No, replied the general, they were many families banded together for protection but owning their lands separately. He added that there is much free land in Kansu, perhaps one-third of the total land area, to which settlers may come with the permission of the provincial government. The pasture lands are public, and open to anyone's use, but the animals are taxed when they reach sale in the market.

Regarding the sources of government income the general said it was chiefly from land tax, with subsidiary sources in the likin (provincial customs) and the opium tax. He thought the opium tax was very much. Foreigners have informed me that it is the largest single item in the provincial income.

I asked the general about foreigners in Kansu and he said there were quite a number of Belgian missionaries north of Ningsia but they gave no trouble. As for Russian advisers, their contact was only with commanders, not with the people, so they also aroused no conflict. As a whole he considered Russia a friend. Just now there was some trouble at Hankow about the Russians, but this he regarded as an individual matter which could be easily settled.

I asked if he considered Russia a friend more than other nations such as Japan, America, Germany. "Yes," he replied, "more than other nations." . . . After a moment he added: "Any nation which abolishes unequal treaties is a friend." I tried to find out whether he thought Chinese students could learn more in Russia than in other lands, but in his answer he only divided Chinese students into two classes, the good intelligent ones who adapted what they learned abroad to the facts of China, and the stupid ones who tried at once to practice all the theories they learned without regard to facts.

This reminds me of a discussion between the Chen boys and myself about returned students. It was admitted by them that the Japanese returned students were the worst of all, coming back as Japanese agents and corrupt officials as well. American returned students knew nothing but money-making, and went into business when they returned, being lost to any patriotism. Students from England were often very good. Not because of what the English tried to teach them, but because they met in London the representatives of all the oppressed races, Egyptians, Hindus and others; all of these groups were very patriotic in London and joined together for discussions against British imperialism. Thus one learned in London to know the world problems and especially the organization of British imperialism, which he declared was the wickedest thing in the world! As for returned students from Russia it was too soon to know what they would be like.

I took leave of General Sung after learning that he had been a military man all his life, having joined the army at the beginning of the republic when he was 22 years old. He has also been with Feng all of his military career. His parents and grandparents were scholars and official folk. He told me that the last earthquake killed 300 people in Kuyuan.

On August 21 we left Kuyuan at 5:45 in the morning, hoping to make the Yellow River by night. The general got up to see us off, but our hopes of breakfast were unfulfilled. After two hours we reached a Tartar village where we found tea and bread with brown honey.

A remarkable illustration of the honesty of the Tartars was seen en route. Some one in one of our front automobiles lost his coat overboard. We passed some fifteen minutes afterward and were halted by a Tartar waving the coat. Connecting our auto with the auto ahead he made signs for us to take it. . . . In fifteen minutes intervening he could easily have appropriated it and no one would ever have known.

The villages were small and few, Tartar and Chinese following each other. New energy was observed in many walls of newly made bricks, enclosing large courtyards. Other piles of bricks, made of mud and slowly drying in the sun, bore witness to the ceaseless patient industry of this country side. There were many pretty little girls, all with bound feet.

While waiting for an hour or two in a Tartar village, when the truck was stuck somewhere behind, I

tried the horn joke on the population and ended by showing them how it was worked. One middle-aged woman with the fire of youth still in her eyes took special delight in blowing our horn after this, and particularly in deceiving the new arrivals, as we had done, into believing that the toy-dog did the barking.

I got the whole village thoroughly converted to the wonders of the Dodge sedan and could have sold a dozen of them but for one fact. . . . When I tried to change a dollar (Mex., worth fifty cents), there was only one store in the village capable of changing it and that store could only change one. I got in return five long, heavy strings of "cash," so heavy that it was difficult for me to lift them. . . . Since then I have often had the experience of receiving 25 cents change and hiring a boy to carry it home for me rather than lift its weight myself. The gulf between such a village and such a coinage and our new model Dodge sedan seems impassable.

There is no revolution here. Feng's armies have come and passed, taken food, improved roads and occupied strategic posts; but these peasants dream neither of imperialism nor of revolution. With keen, shrewd but uninformed minds, their thoughts turn on the difficult task of getting enough food to eat year by year. They could be roused as a mob to anything, no doubt, as can all uninformed folk. Normally, however, they seem placid, good-humored, curious, industrious, peaceful—a population such as the peasants of Europe may have been watching with curious eyes the occasional passing of knights or crusaders. Eggs, brown honey, apples, mutton and hard round bread can be bought on the road.

Our many delays made it impossible to reach the Yellow River, so we aimed for a large village which we were told might be reached by sunset. The road improved constantly. On our last stretch we found ourselves able, for the first time since we launched our autos, to make as high as thirty miles an hour. There was great excitement; we risked sudden bumps and small ditches to enjoy the thrill of a real auto drive. Our usual speeds have been from two to ten miles an hour, the latter being considered very good, and never long maintained.

Just at sundown we came upon the village we sought. It was an exquisite scene. A pale gold sunset sent up a spreading haze behind the distant mountains. Two picturesque tall pagodas arose against this golden glamor and beneath them a large walled village lay on the banks of a stream. It looked like a Thibetan town, said those who knew. Nearer at hand droves of white sheep intermingled with black goats huddled around their lonely shepherds who hastened them towards shelter.

It took us, however, some time to enter the town, for a broad but shallow river interposed leading to a steep bank which entered the village.

Our daring green Dodge which first tried the ascent directly and then at an angle, nearly upset and was ordered back. By judicious wading we found that the bottom was hard. Securing a long rope and the aid of villagers we then managed to pull each car up the slope on the far side of the river, and found shelter a trifle after dark, in the usual stable which does for caravansary in these parts.

The charming town proved much less charming on further acquaintance, the water being at some distance and smelling worse than any of our experience after it was brought. We consequently called the place Sunset Town of Stinking Waters, but we learned the next morning that it had another name, "Tung Hsing Chen," meaning "Single Heart Town," implying the religious unity of a Mohammedan Tartar town in the midst of Chinese neighbors. It was to us, however, a disappointment in other ways than water. No food was to be bought, as the shops open only every three days. We were told that the reason lay in the fact that the townsmen all were peasants, who went out to the fields for goods one day, returning the next and selling the third. So primitively does life go on in our Sunset Town of Stinking Waters.

We were glad to leave the Town of Single Heart early in the morning. Our way now lay across many small streams, but the land between was hot and arid and desert. In one village we found the most luscious peaches we had ever tasted anywhere, and well water so clear and cold that we were tempted to abandon our rule of waiting to boil it. Our Chinese chauffeurs and bodyguards, not feeling any scruples, thoroughly enjoyed it.

Our four cars were now all going well, with the Buick in front, followed by the Dodge sedan, the truck and the green Dodge. This was the best order ever adopted; and the road was comparatively good; but even so we were glad to average nine miles an hour counting minor stops. At one o'clock we reached Ningkapoo on the banks of the Yellow River and were entertained at lunch by the officer in command. He delighted us with round wheaten loaves, known as Tartar's head, the first real bread we had tasted for many days.

We were beginning to run short of gasoline and were supplementing it by kerosene, on a half-and-half ration. Even this was hard to get, but the local officer was able to secure three tins for us at the price of $13 (Mex.) for each five-gallon tin. This makes about $1.25 American money per gallon of kerosene; we are told that gasoline, when procurable, is five or six times as much! Such are the prices penalizing auto transport in Western China!

August, 1927 ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Give Youth Its Chance

Give Youth its chance; our own is slipping by.
In vain we count our futile days and cry
To Time to stop and give us trial anew,
For all those wasted hours and tasks we do
Less well than in our hearts we know we might.
Youth, hear us as we cry to Thee in fright
Lest other men and women, after we
Are gone, shall know the disappointment, see
Too late, the vision of what might have been.
Know now that in yourselves this power you've seen;
To do as well as dream; to live; to act;
To make of noble impulse, nobler fact.
Perhaps our mission yet may be fulfilled
In some small measure, and our conscience stilled,
If through our failure you will give the birth
To Justice, Love, and Harmony on Earth.
As all successive generations do,
Oh Youth, we pass our challenge on to you.

MARY ELIZABETH PULRANG.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER IX

A Tussle with Power

To turn now to the Asiatic Department.

Johannesburg was the stronghold of the Asiatic officers. I had been observing that far from protecting the Indians, Chinese and others, these officers were grinding them down. Every day I had complaints like these. "The rightful ones are not admitted, whilst those who have no right are smuggled in on payment of £100. If you will not remedy this state of things, who will?" I shared the feeling. If I did not succeed in stamping out this evil, I should be living in the Transvaal in vain.

So I began to collect evidence, and as soon as I had gathered a fair amount, I approached the Police Commissioner. He appeared to be a just man. Far from giving me the cold shoulder, he listened to me patiently and asked me to show him all the evidence in my possession. He examined the witnesses himself and was satisfied, but he knew as well as I that it was difficult in South Africa to get a white jury to convict a white offender against colored men. "But," said he, "let us try at any rate. It is not proper, either, to let such criminals go scot-free, for fear of the jury acquitting them. I must get them arrested. I assure you I shall leave no stone unturned."

I did not need the assurance. I was suspecting quite a number of officers, but as I had no unchallengeable evidence against them, warrants of arrest were issued against the two about whose guilt I had not the slightest doubt.

My movements could never be kept secret. Many knew that I was going to the Police Commissioner practically daily. The two officers against whom warrants had been issued, had spies, more or less efficient. They used to patrol my office and report my movements to the officers. I must admit, however, that these officers were so bad that they could not have had many spies. Had the Indians and the Chinese not helped me, they would never have been arrested.

One of these absconded. The Police Commissioner obtained an extradition warrant against him and got him arrested and brought to the Transvaal. They were tried, and although there was strong evidence against them, and in spite of the fact that the jury had evidence of one of them having absconded, both were declared to be not guilty and acquitted.

I was sorely disappointed. The Police Commissioner also was very sorry. I got disgusted with the legal profession. The very intellect became an abomination to me inasmuch as it could be prostituted for screening crime.

However, the guilt of both of the officers was so patent that in spite of their acquittal the Government could not harbor them. Both were cashiered and the Asiatic Department became comparatively clean, and the Indian community was somewhat reassured.

The event enhanced my prestige and brought me more business. The bulk, though not all, of the hundreds of pounds that the community was monthly squandering in peculation was saved. All could not be saved, for the dishonest still plied their trade. But it was now possible for the honest man to preserve his honesty.

I can say that though these officers were so bad, I had nothing against them personally. They were aware of this themselves, and when in their straits they approached me I helped them too. They had a chance of getting employed by the Johannesburg municipality in case I did not oppose the proposal. A friend of theirs saw me in this connection and I agreed not to thwart them, and they succeeded.

This attitude of mine put the officials with whom I came in contact perfectly at ease, and though I had often to fight with their department and use strong language, they remained quite friendly with me. I was not then quite conscious that such behavior was part of my nature. I learned later that it was an essential part of Satyagraha, and an attribute of Ahimsa.

Man and his deed are two distinct things. Whereas a good deed should call forth approbation and a wicked deed disapprobation, the doer of the deed, whether good or wicked, always deserves respect or pity as the case may be. "Hate the sin and not the sinner" is a precept which though easy enough to understand is rarely practiced, and that is why the poison of hatred spreads in the world.

This *ahimsa* is the basis of the search for truth. I am realizing every day that the search is vain unless it is found on *ahimsa* as the basis. It is quite proper to resist and attack a system, but to resist its author is tantamount to resisting oneself. For, we are all tarred with the same brush, and yet are children of one and the same Creator, and as such the divine powers within us are infinite. To slight a single human being is to slight those divine powers, and thus to harm not only him but with him the whole world.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Study Table

The Outlawry of War Again!

Charles Clayton Morrison's new book* is a distinct frontal attack on the most dangerous as well as the most strongly entrenched of all the collective crimes of mankind. A collective crime is one which is impossible except as men are bound together to accomplish it. As in the case of similar but lesser cases of the kind, cannibalism, slavery, the inquisition and the like, war cannot be committed single handed, but it demands all the paraphernalia of law, (though it is itself the negation of all law,) under the orders of the state and with the blessing of the state church. Every state church is of necessity a branch of politics. A Bulgarian official once told me that in the Balkans I must remember that the Church has nothing to do with morals or religion. Few organizations of any kind can stand by their principles when the state calls for international war. It is plain that modern civilization cannot endure as resting on a basis of war and terrorism instead of law in the settlement of disputes. Were it not for the use of threats of war by the big nations, there would be very few such disputes—never any in modern times that could not be settled easily by an honest Joint High Committee. It has been wisely said that the only justifiable wars are civil wars—struggles in defense of "murdered, mangled liberty."

The various attempts to lessen the danger of war by reduction of armament have value—especially in the avoidance of national bankruptcy, but have little relation to the main problem which is to get rid of all war and of war threats. The attempt to prohibit "aggressive war" is futile, because no nation admits that its wars are "aggressive" and the problems of world unity are obscured by various "Weasel words devised to bewilder the credulous public in every country." The wise German philosopher, Nicolai, finds more lies told in a week of war than in a century of peace.

"America" says Dr. Morrison, "has always hated war, but in a different mood from that in which other people hated it. Europe hates war with an emotion of recoil from its horrors while it accepts the presence of an inevitable evil. This in reality is not hatred at all. It is fear. One does not hate an earthquake or a typhoon. One only fears and cowers before them. But America has always hated war as an evil that should be abolished." * * * "International war is now within the law. The effect of the outlawry of war should be to make war between nations illegal and criminal as wars of rebellion now are."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

*"The Outlawry of War," published by Willett, Clark & Colby. This was reviewed by Mr. Holmes in a recent issue, but we are glad to print this further comment by our distinguished co-editor, Dr. Jordan.

Debs on Prisons

Lascussagne wrote that "every society has the criminals it deserves." It is rather frightful to read this sentence, and then recall that the late Eugene Victor Debs, as true a saint as America ever produced, spent a total of almost four years of his life behind prison bars. If 'Gene Debs was a criminal, as he certainly was under the laws of this country, what is to be said of the United States as a government and a society?

Debs tells us in this book* that he was at various times an inmate of no less than five prisons — three county jails, one state prison, and one federal penitentiary. His first prison experience was in 1894 when, as President of the American Railway Union, he was locked up in the Cook County Jail because of his activities in the great railroad strike of that year. In 1895, he was transferred to the McHenry County Jail, Woodstock, Illinois, where he served a six months' sentence for contempt of court. His third prison home was in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, where he was incarcerated after his famous Canton speech during the war, in June, 1918. Conviction for this offence was followed by a sentence to serve ten years in the West Virginia State Penitentiary, at Moundsville. From here he was later transferred to the federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia, where he remained from June 13, 1919, to Christmas Day, 1922, when he was pardoned by President Harding.

Debs' experience, thus varied in time and place, gives him impressive authority as an expert on prison conditions in this country. What he says in this book constitutes a blistering indictment, all the more terrible as the shadows of walls and bars are cast by the radiant light of one of the most beautiful spirits that ever lived. What stands out in this volume are not the evils of filthy cells, bad food, brutal administration, and sheer human depravity which Debs has witnessed and here vividly describes, but the potency of a loving heart to transform these conditions and the men who suffered from them. If there is any more wonderful story in human annals than the story of 'Gene Debs in Atlanta prison, we don't know what it is. The chapter describing the outbreak of the prisoners when Debs left his cell, a free man—that vast upheaval of love and joy and grief from out the hearts of those caged felons—would move a stone to tears. Debs tells us, in one chapter in this book, what he would do if he had to manage a prison. He lays down an elaborate program, but it is all beside the point so far as he is concerned. All Debs would have had to do, as a prison warden, would have been to smile, and the place would have become a paradise. "Love never faileth"—how wonderfully Debs proved the truth of that maxim!

This book contains a careful statement of Debs' philosophy of crime—that it is poverty that makes the criminal. It presents a revelation of prison administration which must shock every sensitive mind, and should lead to immediate reform. But its chief value is in its character as a chapter of autobiography. This is Debs' own story, told in his own loving way, and it is a precious document.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Walls and Bars," by Eugene Victor Debs. Published by the Socialist Party, 2653 Washington Blvd., Chicago.

Countee Cullen's New Volume

I have lived with "Copper Sun"* for two months, browsing in it, again picking it up at odd moments. At the end of this time I judge it a volume of beautiful lines, of lovely moments, but not of the sustained excellence of "Color." There are a dozen unforgettable poems in "Color" and only two or three in "Copper Sun." But in this new volume, from the first page to the last, are vivid bits. From the Dark Tower comes:

> The night whose sable breast relieves the stark,
> White stars is no less lovely being dark.

The Threnody of a Brown Girl says:

> Think not this grave shall keep her,
> This marriage bed confine;
> Death may dig it deep and deeper;
> She shall climb it like a vine.

These lines of Death:

> While still his shears snarl through my thread,
> Dismembering it strand by strand.

An appreciation of Keats:

> There is no redder blossom on the bough
> Of song.

These and many, many other lines stand marked in my volume as I turn over its pages. There is one lyric, only eight lines, a delicate tribute to love:

> Pity the deep in love;
> They move as men asleep,
> Traveling a narrow way
> Precipitous and steep.
> Tremulous is the lover's breath
> With little moans and sighs;
> Heavy are the brimming lids
> Upon a lover's eyes.

While the book is full of lovely lines there are awkward ones as well. They must be deliberate. No one can write more rhythmic poetry than Countee Cullen. Is it part of today's realism to believe that discordance is necessary? Keats, the red blossom on the bough, did not do it. Were he alive he would rejoice in this Negro poet. But how would he feel when he finished the verse whose first lines I have quoted from the Threnody:

> Body that was quick and sentient,
> Dear as thought or speech,
> Death could not with one trenchant
> Blow snatch out of reach.

That "blow" would be a knock-out one, right between the eyes. When he had recovered consciousness he would give his excited criticism of this separating of adjective and noun.

The book is profusely illustrated but the pictures fall far below the excellence of the verse. Countee Cullen needs a rare genius to interpret his deeply imaginative poetry.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

*By Countee Cullen. Published by Harper and Brothers.

Correspondence

For All Humanity

Editor of UNITY:

Please find herein enclosed my three-dollar remittance for the coming year.

I profit by this opportunity to express my deep gratitude and appreciation for the work which you are doing, not only for the U. S. A., but for all humanity. I especially relish the undaunted and indomitable courage with which you are facing the attacks of the poor, deluded individuals, who in their pitiful ignorance of the spiritual reality —in other words, of the allness of truth as spirit, good, almighty—venture on an unholy crusade against all that would bless them. May the blessing of Numbers 6:24-26 be ever with you!

J. J. BRUNO.

Glad for Our Sacco-Vanzetti Stand

Editor of UNITY:

I enclose $3 to continue my subscription to UNITY. I had almost concluded I could not afford to take it another year, in addition to the various other publications that I take, but your courageous and civilized attitude regarding the Sacco-Vanzetti case decided me.

I was in Boston in 1921 when this famous (and infamous) case was being tried. The newspapers were generally unfavorable to the accused, but from the printed testimony, so overwhelmingly in their favor, it seemed certain that they would be cleared of the charge, and this has been the conclusion of millions in all countries of nearly all who took interest enough to follow the case.

I am a Presbyterian minister, of Scotch origin, both of which facts make it antecedently unlikely that I should be in sympathy with anarchism or communism—but I consider that righteousness, mercy, justice, and the honor of our country were crucified in this case.

I was in London, England, in August, and found that most of the papers were in harmony, more or less, with the following extract from an editorial in the *Daily News*, Aug. 20: *"The fact which no American who cares for his country's repute in the eyes of strangers can afford to disregard is that much more than any point of law is now involved in the fate of these two obscure individuals. It is certain that in no other civilized country would these men, after what has passed, be put to death. To foreigners their execution now will merely be an act of barbarism. What possible reason of weight can there be for deliberately destroying for such a cause America's moral prestige in the world."*

H. A. TODD.

Delaware, Ohio.

The Best Word About the Great War

Editor of UNITY:

At the outbreak of the World War thousands of men were reported slain on the march through Belgium, and newspaper descriptions of the scenes under the walls of Liège shocked thousands of Christians. Human men and women were appalled.

"What an awful thing," said one of them, a white woman, to a black man—"What an awful thing, all those men lying there dead!"

"Yes, ma'am," was the black man's penetrating reply; "but it is not so bad as that there were men willing to kill them."

LOUIS F. POST.

Washington, D. C.

A New Friend

Editor of UNITY:

Last year I became a reader of UNITY, and I have enjoyed it so much that I feel that I must be a permanent subscriber. . . . Kindly notify me at time of expiration of present subscription, as I shall wish to renew.

VICTOR E. MARRIOTT

Chicago, Illinois

A Cheering Renewal

Editor of UNITY:

Although I utterly disapprove of the course which UNITY has taken since the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, and although I always deplore the bigoted prejudice and intolerance exhibited by the Editor on the subjects of prohibition and the League of Nations, I am nevertheless sending my check for renewal because I so thoroughly believe in the principles and purpose of UNITY and so deeply admire and respect the courage, strength and sincerity of your Editor, Mr. Holmes.

MARION SNOW.

Boston, Mass.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE MICHIGAN COUNCIL FOR WORLD PEACE

An International Government Eventual and Inevitable

A Plan for International Peace
By Dr. Vergil V. Phelps

Outline of a Plan for an International Government

Present Internationalization of World:

1. Politics: Ancient tribes have consolidated into the inter-continental possessions of the British Empire, France, Russia, and the United States; and the vast areas of China, Brazil, and Argentine. H. G. Wells visions a United States of Europe, a United States of Asia, and a United States of the two Americas. Why not a United States of the World?

2. Economics: The daily necessities of the people of the world are brought to them from the four quarters of the earth. So nations cannot live without each other.

3. Communication: Inventions have enabled remote parts of the globe to communicate with each other more quickly than New York and Philadelphia could in 1789—even than the city wards of either city.

4. Transportation: A destination can be reached in one-fifth of the time required one hundred years ago.

5. Education: Popular education, newspapers, books, are universal. Illiteracy is doomed.

6. Religion: Every belief of any people is found in all of the largest nations. In 1893, at the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago, leaders of all religions repeated The Lord's Prayer daily.

7. Languages: The English language is rapidly becoming universal.

8. International Consciousness: National movements have been internationalized, as education, labor, politics, religions. Universal understanding is replacing provincialism. The masses of human beings are gradually recognizing that they have common interests.

9. The Constitution of the United States has been the *model* for most subsequent representative governments—Canada, etc.

Your Idea of a Perfect World:

1. Universal justice, peace, prosperity, happiness—the preamble of the Constitution of the United States for mankind.

2. No more war:

"As for war, I call it murder.
There you hev it plain and flat.
I don't want to go no furder then
my Testament fer that."—
Lowell.

3. Governments exist for the good of the governed—people are no longer born to serve the divine few—the few must serve the many.

4. An international government—*of the people, by the people, and for the people of the world.*

An International Government Is No Unpractical, Crazy Man's Dream

1. The Constitution of the United States, *the pride of America, and the praise of the world,* in 1787 was regarded as an impossible dream by nearly everybody in the Thirteen Colonies as well as in foreign countries. Patrick Henry refused to go as a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention, because "he smelled a rat." The first Convention at Annapolis had to adjourn to Philadelphia, because only one-third of the Colonies had sent delegates. The final document was secured by postponing consideration of differences and acting only upon points of agreement. The present Constitution is totally different from all original proposals. It was unsatisfactory to Washington. Hamilton called it a "worthless fabric"—and he was the only delegate from New York. John Adams said that "it was extorted from the grinding necessities of a reluctant people." The Constitution was finally approved by the Colonists, only after extraordinary efforts—by Virginia, with the liberty of withdrawing, if its powers were used for oppression; by New York, after Hamilton declared that no state should be coerced by an armed force. Rhode Island and North Carolina refused to sign it until long after the Constitution had begun to operate. Rhode Island refused even to be represented at the Philadelphia Convention, and a year after Washington was inaugurated adopted the Constitution by the narrow margin of 34 to 32.

2. If the world is to enjoy what it needs. *A start must be made some time.*

3. The present minority of "visionaries" and "idealists" will be the unanimous majority within two generations.

4. The best experience of the past can be adapted to the needs of the present and future.

5. The really crazy man is the fossilized person, who hugs tradition and refuses to climb, or be pulled, out of the pit of his provincialism.

The General Idea of an International Government

Consider the Nations Today in the Position of the Colonies in 1783-1789.

1. Armies at colonial borders, ready to fight over custom regulations and the land that is now Michigan, Ohio, etc.

2. A weak Congress without executive power—able to recommend only, leaving to public opinion in the Colonies the enforcement of recommendations.

3. No supreme court, each Colony with one vote—colonial provincialism, rivalry, and jealousy.

4. Finally, agreement to give the disputed territory to the united government under the Northwest Ordinance, guaranteeing freedom of religion, encouraging popular education, etc., and

5. The calling of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 in which very few people had faith as to the outcome.

The Constitution of the United States Taken As a General Pattern

1. A bill of rights, guaranteeing to each nation intra-national rights and specifying the rights of the international government,—with power only over distinctly international relations.

2. An executive branch to enforce the law—international police.

3. A legislative branch to make the laws—a smaller body to represent the nations and a larger body to represent the people of each nation.

4. A judicial body to interpret the law—a World Court.

5. A system of checks of each branch upon the others.

Calling of a Constitutional Convention to draw up an international constitution, leaving to the representatives of all nations absolute freedom of discussion—minimizing differences, stressing interna-

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tional good, compromising issues, and drawing up the final document to submit to the nations of the world for approval.

The Immediate Problem of Mobilization Against War

1. To induce nations to call an International Constitutional Convention.
2. To advertise the idea among the common people of the world through
   (a) A pamphlet campaign;
   (b) A speaking campaign;
   (c) Prize competitive orations in the public schools and colleges of the leading nations of the world.
   (d) Insistent and persistent pressure upon government officials until they Call Such A Convention.
3. To avoid unnecessary antagonism:
   (a) Show that national pride and honor are enhanced by fusion with International pride and patriotism. Cicero, and the Stoics of Greece, said, "I am a citizen of the world." Charles Summer said, "Not that I love my country less, but humanity more. We are children of a common Father more than we are Americans." "Thou shalt love the stranger as thyself." (Lev. 19, 34.)
   (b) Make clear that language difficulties are temporary. A knowledge of two or three languages can be secured in a comparatively short time. English can be simplified.
   (c) Minimize differences between nations.
   (d) Insist that intra-national ideals and customs shall be secured.
   (e) Solve the problem of the large and small nations in some such way as did the Colonies in 1787.
   (f) Stress the need of international police—to eliminate the costly ornament rivalry of nations and to enforce laws, just as local police are called upon to interfere in local family and community troubles, until the courts can decide upon justice in the case.
   (g) Think of nations as individuals and legislate accordingly.
   (h) Emphasize that international debts, loans, and commercial rivalry make it impossible for the United States to keep out of international entanglements and the wars of its debtor nations.—The United States is in danger of becoming the most disliked nation in the world for its financial domination and imagined superiority,—it is on the road leading to a WAR AGAINST THE ENTIRE WORLD.
   (i) Unite the nation by insistence upon the international good of mankind, DEATH TO WAR, because war is murder—international suicide. As temporary measures: (1) make war profitless — profits are the blood-money of your fellow-men; (2) demand that the brave (?) who propose war, who wear their patriotic honor upon their sleeves, shall be the first to enlist and serve in the front line of trenches —even Senators. In the World War Dr. C. R. Gregory, over seventy-two years of age, born and educated in America (Univ. of Penn.; LL.D. degree from Harv., Princeton, Penn., etc.) a theological professor at the University of Leipsic, Germany, enlisted as a private in the German army and was shot down in the trenches.

Aims

1. To federate all groups in Michigan which are working for World Peace.
2. Through mutual co-operation, to eliminate all unnecessary duplication of effort, and to consult on new lines of work for the common cause.
3. To hold monthly conferences for the discussion of various phases of the Peace problem.
4. To assist member groups in finding material on the subject, which shall be available; and to develop a list of speakers and aid member groups in securing the same.
5. To lend the weight of the larger Council to the effort, which any individual group shall wish to make along the lines of World Peace.
6. To support the United States government in any straight forward effort it may make to Preserve and Promote Peace.

Organization or individuals interested in furthering this plan for international peace, and in securing additional copies of this Plan, are requested to communicate with the Secretary, Mrs. Phoebe C. Munnecke, 8100 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Persian Ideals

(Gleaned from Bodenstedt's Mirza Schaffy)

It were no easy task to tame a brave, aspiring soul,
To curb a fiery Pegasus that seeks a lofty goal;
But harder far it were to give a sluggard fitting wings,
To bear his heavy weight from earthly dross to higher things.

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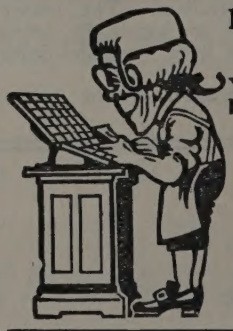

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